


Friday, Nov. 8, 1944

Hello Beautiful;

You're looking very beautiful so early in the morning. Oh, excuse me, my mistake, right now you're sleeping very peacefully and, it is to be hoped, dreaming of me. You look quite lovely lying there sleeping, but yet you look quite lonely all alone in that large bed. There's something missing and I'm quite sure that something is me. I'll be so glad when I can be back with you to provide that something added Darling. It's hellish being away from you this way.

Yesterday I did a little looking around here. I had no duty yesterday so one of the other fellows and myself went on a thumb tour of the vicinity. It was very interesting. We have grass here called Kunai grass which is really grass. It grows about five or six feet high and is very tough. It's easy to see why the fighting here was so fierce because a Jap could hide in there forever without being routed out. The only way I could see of getting anywhere in that stuff is just by burning it down. There were Jap trucks and tanks lying along the way. They were really battered and twisted. All the palm trees had been beheaded and most of them were full of bullet holes. Altogether I would say that anyone and anything around really caught hell.

We passed a few natives who greeted us with ~~salutes~~ and the good old Air Corps cry of "Haba! Haba! Joe", accompanied by broad toothy grins. They all walk in single file along the side of the road, the men in front and the women and children behind.

Some of them have hair which is very reddish on top. It's long kinky stuff that looks like this.  On inquiring about the red hair I discovered that it was the result of doctoring by the natives. They use red dyes. An Australian I was talking to said that a couple of them had gotten hold of a bottle of peroxide and the next day the village boasted two platinum blonde native men. One Australian I met was a one armed clerk in the Merchant Marine. He was anxious to find out if any of us had an American silver dollar. He wanted to make a watch fob for his nice new silver watch with it. It was interesting to talk with these Australians and I found that they weren't at all difficult to understand although Souma was all in a fog about what they said. One of them tried to sell me a Jap tropical helmet, a mess kit and a canteen, all of which he had discovered around here. They get a very nice price for Jap guns. One machine gun sold for £300 or \$460, nice work if you can get it.

This morning I was interviewed and I think that I am about to become a clerk general. This isn't a bad deal if I can get into a job like that. It won't be much different from the work I did at Camp Grant when I was in plans and training there. It's better than pharmacy which I know nothing about. I hope I get assigned soon because I've been a casual almost all through my army career and would like to settle down for a while.

At the PX this morning I was able to buy a couple of Modern Library Books. I was able to get "Fathers and Sons" by Turgenev and "The Red and the Black" by Stendahl. It will be good reading and I guess better than any books available here. Everyday they have something new as their daily special. Yesterday it was knives and I messed out on them. Today I got in there early and got the books right off the bat.

No mail yet. I got those three letters from you a couple days ago and haven't gotten any more mail. Somewhere on the island I think I have seventeen more letters from you and I'm very anxious to get them. I read the three I got over and over everyday and always find something new in them. I particularly like the part where you tell me that you still love me Darling. That's something I can never hear too often. The oftener I hear that the better I like it. I love you fiercely sweetheart and always will. You're so very loveable dammit, and I'm so far from you that it hurts just to think of it. When I do get back things will really be a mad whirl as we make up for all this time we've missed. There's so much of it already. I love you!!!

I finished a pen and ink sketch of some of our tents and one of the fellows in the tent wants to buy it. I think I'll sell it to him but from now on the sketches I make I want to save for my scrap book which I promised you I would keep. I have a half bottle of ink now which I will have to stretch till god knows when so whenever anyone asks for ink I am fresh out. They don't sell it here and it's rarer than horse feathers. I'll have to try to buy, beg or

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borrow some to write with and sketch with. We heard
no more from that job I was trying to line up at the
Education Center. Oh well! I can still go to the village and
do some sketching during my day off. I think I'd be able
to get some C Rations from the mess hall and will be
able to spend all day there sketching. That should be
fun. I wish you were with me so we could pack a
picnic lunch and make a day of it. We could have coco-
nut juice and roasted green tomatoes and go for a
nice swim in the ocean. Ah, me! How very beautiful
life would be if only you were here to share it with me.
They should allow each soldier to bring his wife over
seas with him to make things really pleasant and nice.

There were some pipes at the PX and I bought
one. Coincidentally, I discovered that they were giving
out our tobacco ration coupons. I got mine and
Hewig's going to get the tobacco when he gets his
cigarettes. I'll have to sketch his portrait because he's
been quite good to me. Have you given up smoking
yet or don't you intend to. At the rate you're going
you'll be smoking cigars by the time I get back, and
then what would Nwa say if she learned. She'd
surely blame me if she ever found out. Oh, well! Who
cares what she thinks as long as we get along O.K.
I love you darling and being away from you is the
worst thing that's ever happened to me. Everything is
so damned empty without you. Just take good care
of yourself for me until the happy day when I will
be back with you. Until then Sweetheart I love
you and will

Always
Freddie